



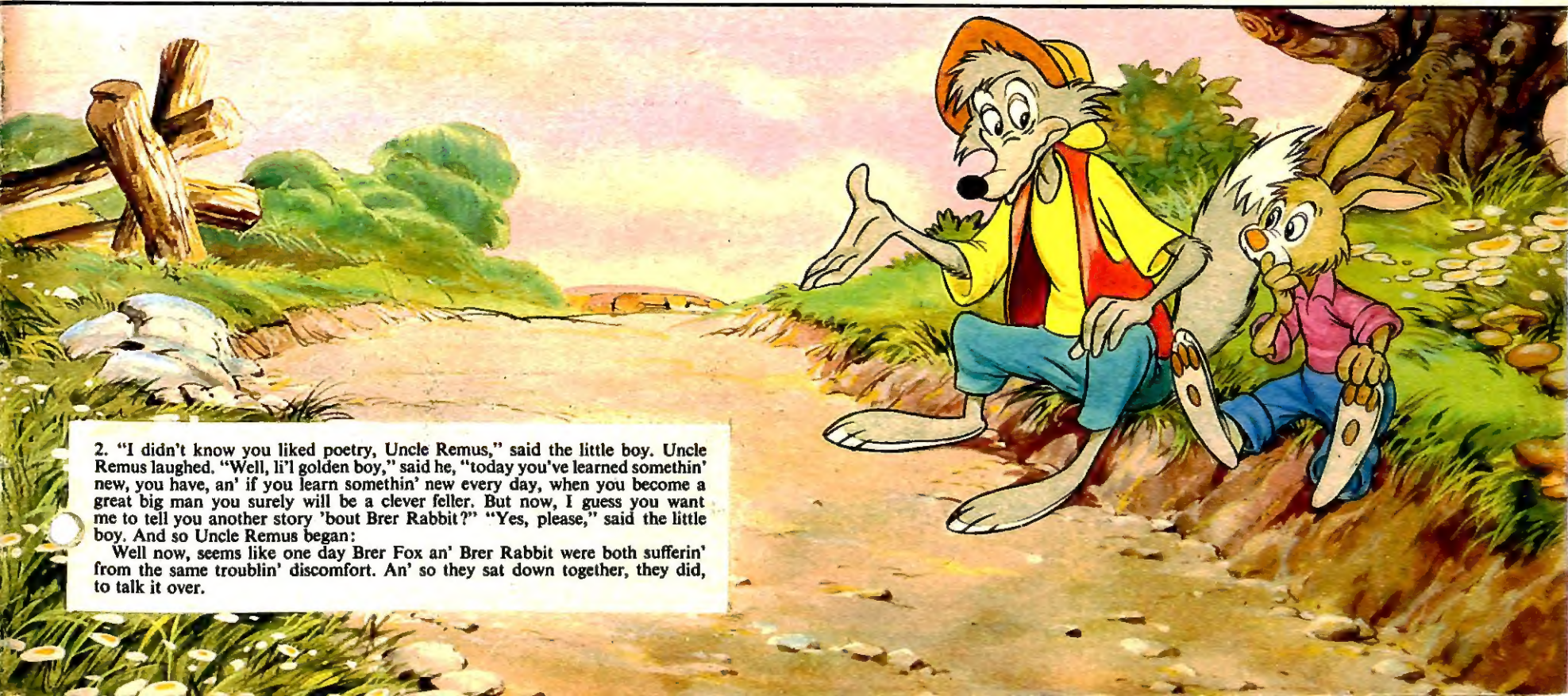
the WONDERFUL WORLD of DISNEY

Way down yonder in BRIAR PATCH



1. One evening, as Old Man Sun burned low down, painting the clouds in scarlet and gold, the little boy ran down the path to the door of the cabin belonging to Uncle Remus. There, in his favourite rocking chair, reading, was Uncle Remus himself. The little boy approached, his eyes on Uncle Remus's book. "What are you reading?" he asked, and the old man read aloud:

"When all the world is young, lad, and all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad, and every lass a queen;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad, and round the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad, and every dog his day."

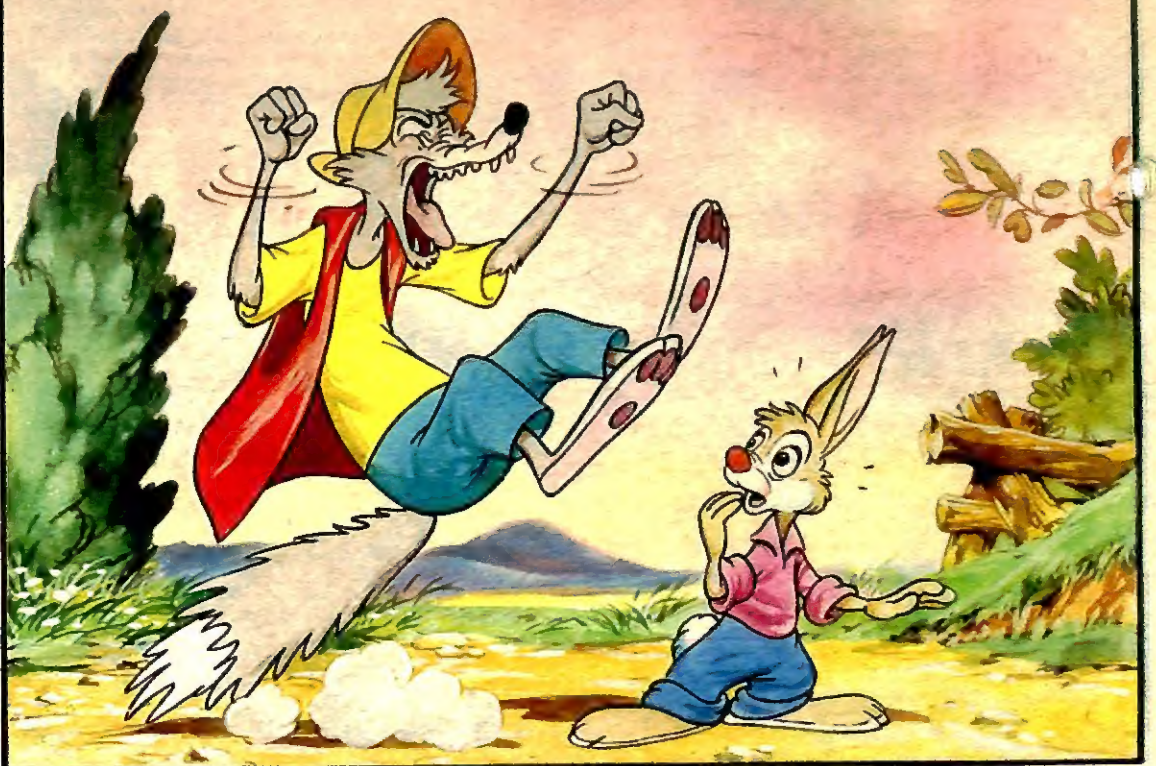


2. "I didn't know you liked poetry, Uncle Remus," said the little boy. Uncle Remus laughed. "Well, li'l golden boy," said he, "today you've learned somethin' new, you have, an' if you learn somethin' new every day, when you become a great big man you surely will be a clever feller. But now, I guess you want me to tell you another story 'bout Brer Rabbit?" "Yes, please," said the little boy. And so Uncle Remus began:

Well now, seems like one day Brer Fox an' Brer Rabbit were both sufferin' from the same troublin' discomfort. An' so they sat down together, they did, to talk it over.



3. An' what was this discomfort? Well, boy it's somethin' a lot o' folks are troubled with—a shortage o' money. Yes, indeedy, Brer Fox an' Brer Rabbit had empty pockets an' they was both a-wonderin' how they could fill them. "We could dig up Brer Bear's taters for him," suggested Brer Rabbit. "Reckon he'd pay us a dollar each." But Brer Fox shook his head. "That's too much like hard work, Brer Rabbit." "Well, there's a bee-tree down the road a-piece where the bees have been makin' honey all summer," says Brer Rabbit, says he. "Let's get the honey an' sell it to Brer Bear. He'd pay plenty for it." Brer Fox grunted. "And get stung? Think again, feller, think again."



4. But Brer Rabbit shook his head. "Guess my thinkery has just closed for the day, Brer Fox," said he. "You think of somethin'." Then Brer Fox he grinned, he did, an' his white teeth shone brightly in the sunshine. "Brer Bear's gone to market today," said he. "Let's go over to his cabin and take a few things to sell. My cousin runs a second-hand shop. He'll pay well, he will, for anythin' we take him." Brer Rabbit looked shocked. "Brer Fox," says he, "that's stealin', that is. An' 'sides that, I thought Brer Bear was your friend." Brer Fox glanced at Brer Rabbit impatiently. "Well, then, let's hop over to Brer Wolf's shack. He's got plenty of things we can take," and Brer Fox showed his teeth again. "But that would be stealin' too," said li'l Brer Rabbit, who for some reason or 'nother was feelin' extra-good today. Brer Fox started to jump up an' down with rage, he did, up an' down with rage.

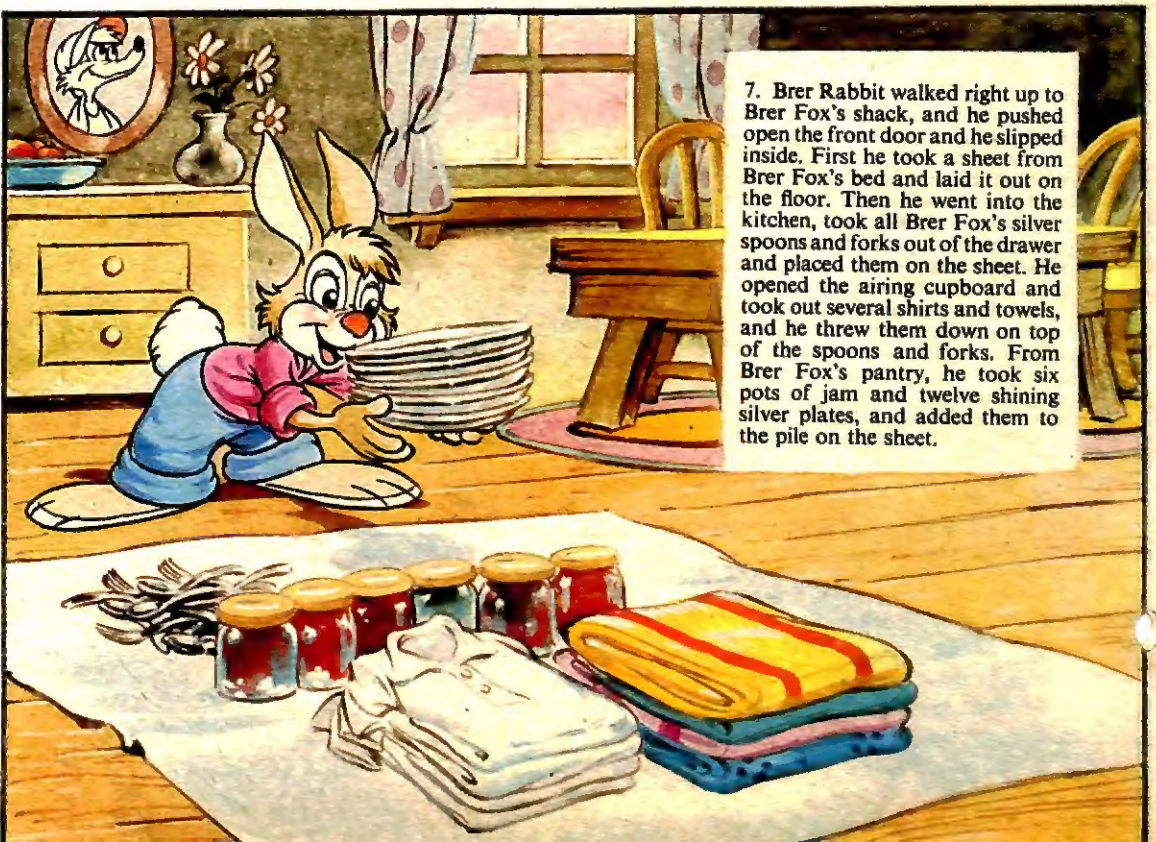


5. "Brer Rabbit!" hollered Brer Fox. "I've gotta have some money real quick, I have, an' if you don't start agreein' with me real soon, I'm gonna start thinkin' how nice a bowl o' rabbit soup would taste." Brer Rabbit gulped, he did, 'specially when Brer Fox started to stare at him greedy-like. "All right, yes, yes," said Brer Rabbit in a great hurry. "We'll do as you say. But who'll do the takin'?" "You do the takin' and

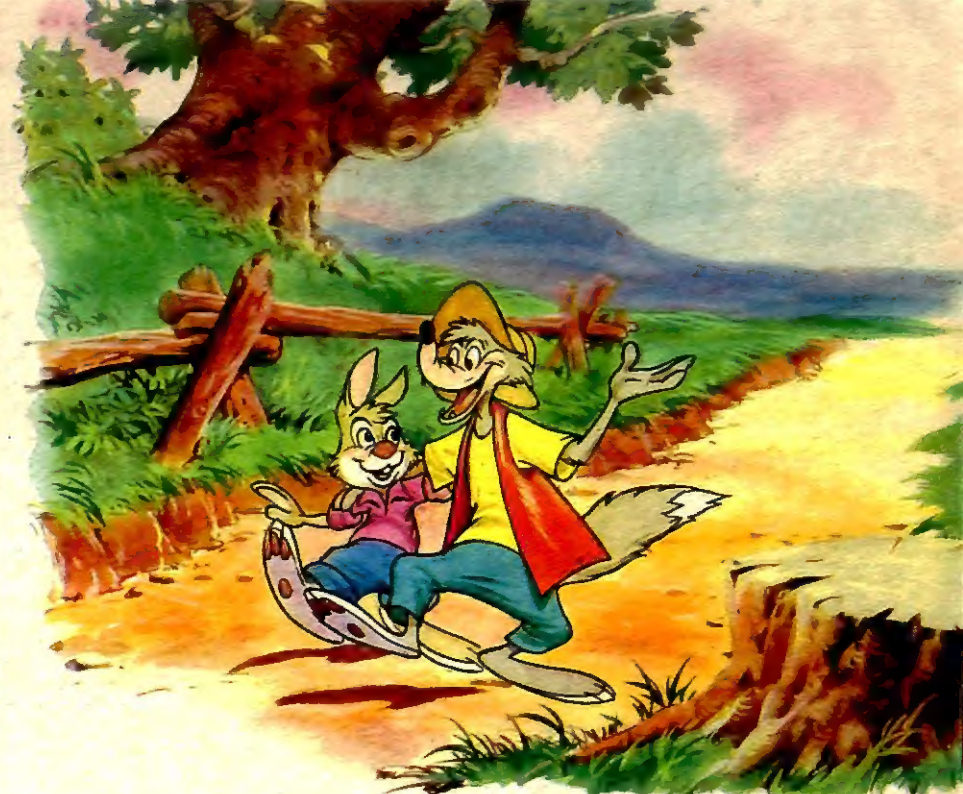
I'll do the sellin'," grinned Brer Fox. Brer Rabbit thought for a few moments, he did, an' that's when Brer Fox should have started feelin' a mite uneasy. "Does it matter whose shack I go to?" asked Brer Rabbit, kind of off-hand. "Not so long as there are lots of goodies I can sell," said Brer Fox. Brer Rabbit nodded and away he went. "I'll wait here for you," Brer Fox shouted after him.



6. Brer Rabbit winked at the sky, he did, an' he sang as he went along: "There was a little rabbit sprig, Who being little, was not big; He always walked upon his feet, And never starved when he did eat. When from a place he ran away, He never at that place did stay. And when he ran, as I am told, He ne'er stood still for young and old." An' he said, "You're in for a mighty big surprise, Brer Fox."

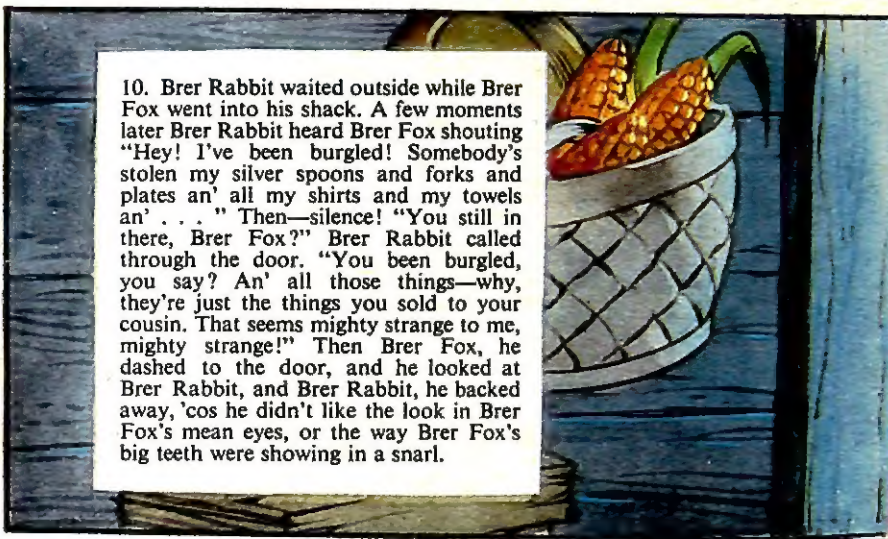


7. Brer Rabbit walked right up to Brer Fox's shack, and he pushed open the front door and he slipped inside. First he took a sheet from Brer Fox's bed and laid it out on the floor. Then he went into the kitchen, took all Brer Fox's silver spoons and forks out of the drawer and placed them on the sheet. He opened the airing cupboard and took out several shirts and towels, and he threw them down on top of the spoons and forks. From Brer Fox's pantry, he took six pots of jam and twelve shining silver plates, and added them to the pile on the sheet.



8. Then, gathering the four corners of the sheet together, Brer Rabbit slung the heavy load over his shoulder, and leaving the shack set off back to Brer Fox who was waiting for him with a cunning grin on his face. "Goody-good," laughed Brer Fox, grabbing the load out of Brer Rabbit's hands. "Now I'll be off to see my cousin and sell what you've brought." "But don't you want to know where I got them from?" asked Brer Rabbit and there was a very innocent look on his face. "Of course I don't," replied old Brer Fox. "If folks can't look after their own things properly, then they deserve to lose them, don't they?" "That's one way of looking at life, I guess," said Brer Rabbit. "Okay, Brer Rabbit, I'll wait here for you. You see that you come right back an' give me my share of the money 'cos I'm not doin' anythin' particular this afternoon, an' maybe we can do some more business together after lunch." "Now you're talking sense, Brer Rabbit," leered Brer Fox as he staggered off.

9. Old Brer Fox he was back pretty quickly, he was—and he brought ten gleaming bright round silver dollars with him! "Five for you an' five for me, Brer Rabbit," he chuckled. Brer Rabbit smiled politely, he did, an' he looked as though butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. "Thank you kindly, Brer Fox," said he, "an' now if you don't mind, I reckon I'll just walk home with you-all." An' the two of 'em, they walked back to Brer Fox's shack a-laughing and a-joking, just as if they'd been the best o' friends for the last forty-sixteen years, they did.



10. Brer Rabbit waited outside while Brer Fox went into his shack. A few moments later Brer Rabbit heard Brer Fox shouting "Hey! I've been burgled! Somebody's stolen my silver spoons and forks and plates an' all my shirts and my towels an' . . ." Then—silence! "You still in there, Brer Fox?" Brer Rabbit called through the door. "You been burgled, you say? An' all those things—why, they're just the things you sold to your cousin. That seems mighty strange to me, mighty strange!" Then Brer Fox, he dashed to the door, and he looked at Brer Rabbit, and Brer Rabbit, he backed away, 'cos he didn't like the look in Brer Fox's mean eyes, or the way Brer Fox's big teeth were showing in a snarl.



11. "Brer Rabbit!" hollered Brer Fox. "Brer Rabbit! Whose shack was it you went to, for all those things I sold to my cousin?" "Why, yours, of course, Brer Fox," said Brer Rabbit, backing away a little farther. "You said it didn't matter whose shack I went to, so I went to yours. Didn't you mean what you said, Brer Fox?" Brer Fox hollered at the top of his voice an' sprang out at Brer Rabbit. An' that's when Brer Rabbit had to look real spry if he didn't want to be findin' out how hot it was inside Brer Fox's oven.



12. Away, away, over the hills an' far away, Brer Rabbit burned the breeze with Brer Fox hot on his heels. But fast as Brer Fox was, Brer Rabbit was faster an' it wasn't long before he was just a li'l cloud o' dust in the distance. An' Brer Fox? He reckoned his business partnership with Brer Rabbit was ended, just like this here story of mine. An' now, here's the end of my poem, I was readin' when you came along this evenin'.

"When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down;
Creep home, and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among;
God grant you find one face there,
You loved when all was young."

Wild Life of our Wonderful World - THE RED SQUIRREL!

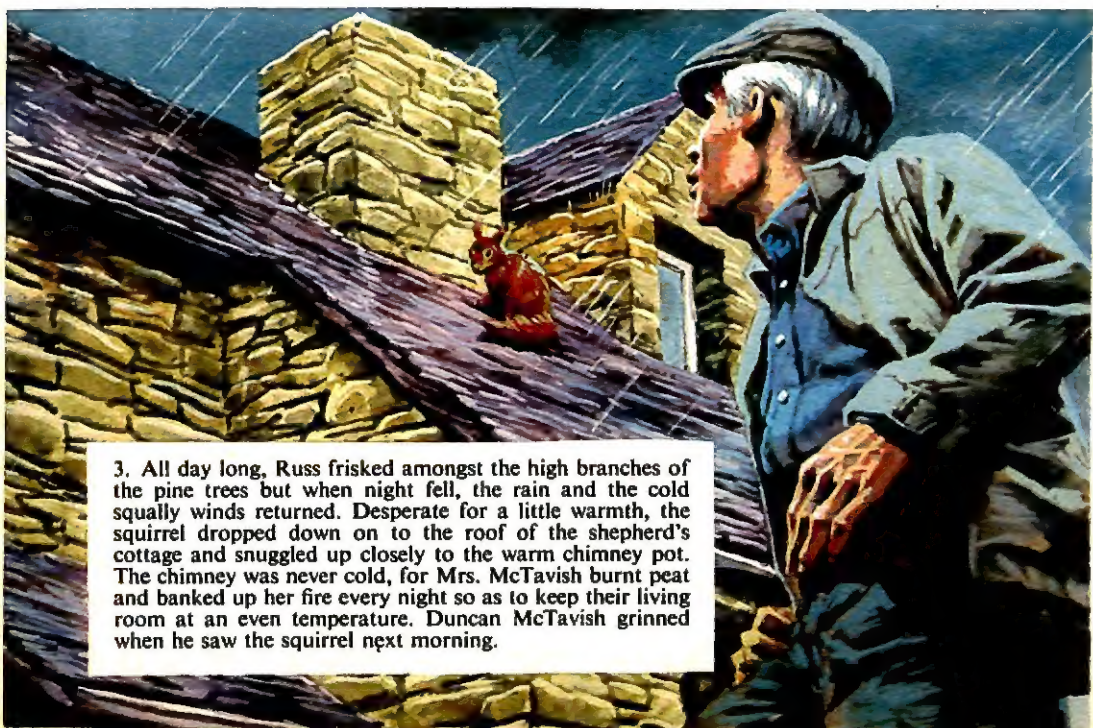


1. The old stone shepherd's cottage stood snugly in the shelter of some towering pine trees beside a rippling stream. Duncan McTavish and his wife lived there. One cold morning they were pleased to see a newcomer, perched on a high branch, looking down at them. "He's lost," said old Duncan. "But he's very welcome," smiled the shepherd's wife, for it was a very lonely place in the Scottish Highlands and there were not many animals about.

Russ the red squirrel had been driven out of his home wood by a tremendous storm the previous day. The furious wind had blown down his particular tree, and Russ had been lucky to escape with his life.



2. Now Russ was searching for a new home, but as he looked down from the tree he did not feel very sure of the man and the woman and the sheep dog that stood beside them. Of course, if they left him alone, he was quite prepared to leave them alone in return. "Maybe he'll make his home with us," chuckled old McTavish, not knowing then how close to the truth he was.



3. All day long, Russ frisked amongst the high branches of the pine trees but when night fell, the rain and the cold squally winds returned. Desperate for a little warmth, the squirrel dropped down on to the roof of the shepherd's cottage and snuggled up closely to the warm chimney pot. The chimney was never cold, for Mrs. McTavish burnt peat and banked up her fire every night so as to keep their living room at an even temperature. Duncan McTavish grinned when he saw the squirrel next morning.



4. Now like most men who live in the open, old Duncan cared much for the creatures of the wild. Quickly he knocked a few pieces of wood together into a rough box, filled it with hay, and nailed on a waterproof lid. Then he tucked the box under his arm, climbed to the roof of his cottage and fixed it firmly to the chimney pot. Russ took note of this kindly act and decided that for the time being he would make his home in that cosy box.



5. Without doubt, the old shepherd had saved the life of the little squirrel. From that day on he lived in the warm box and because winter was now close at hand, every day he stored more food in the box than he could possibly eat. At last the box became so full of food that there was scarcely any room for Russ himself. One morning Mrs. McTavish, looking up, saw bits of old potatoes, stale crusts and bones being flung out of the box, tumbling down the roof and scattering as Russ angrily cleared out his home.



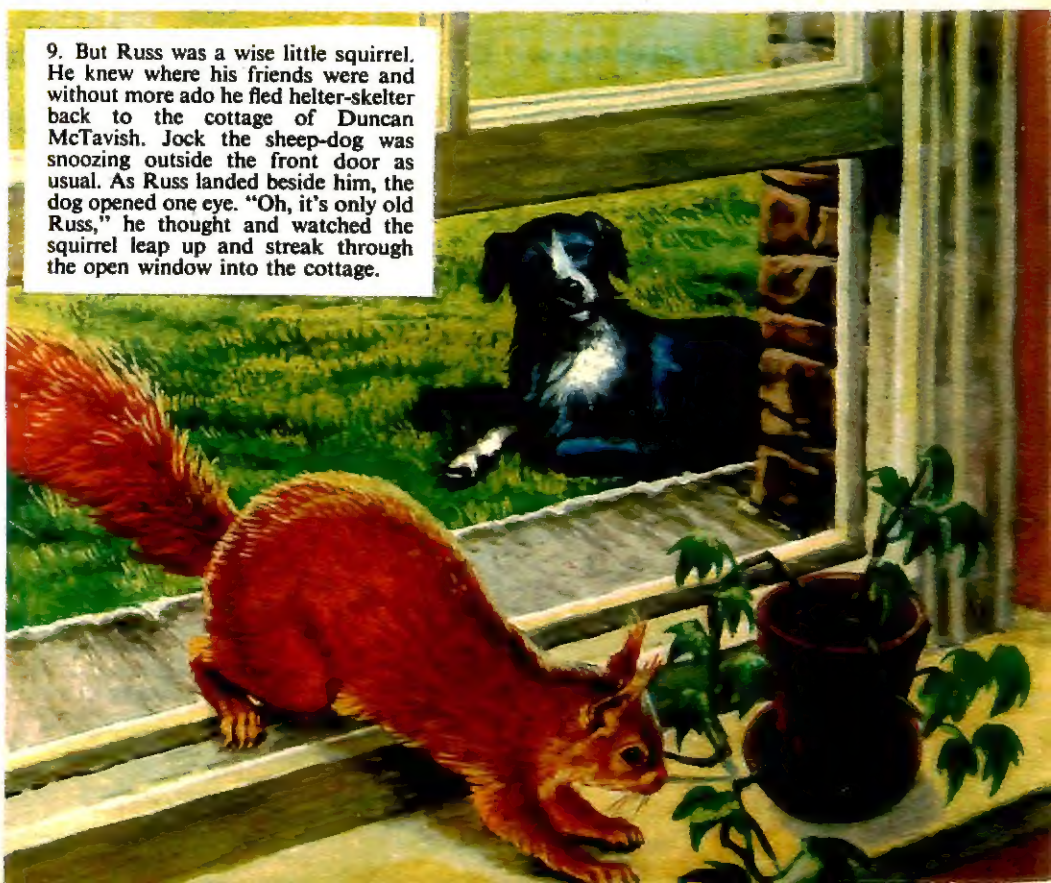
6. Of course, as soon as Russ had cleared the box, he started hoarding again. When his house was full again, he would throw out more than half the food—and then start hoarding all over again! So it went on throughout the winter. All in all, the squirrel had little to complain about. Then at last came spring and Russ began to feel strangely restless. He started making little trips here and there. Then one evening, he was perched high up in a pine-tree watching the sun as it dipped low towards the distant mountain peaks.



7. Suddenly a pine cone dropped through the branches of the tree next to him. Swiftly Russ turned his head. Watching him from the other tree was an animal he had never seen before. It was like a huge beautiful squirrel, except for its fox-shaped head and glossy chocolate coat. But pretty though it was there was something deadly about that strange animal. It was a pine marten, a squirrel's most savage enemy.



8. Russ dropped to the branch below and scuttled down the pine-tree. Twenty feet from the ground, he halted, flattening himself against the tree trunk. The pine marten was after him. Its legs seemed to move with invisible speed and in an instant Russ had to drop again. The race was on. The squirrel dodged and scrambled through the branches but the pine marten was snapping at that red bushy tail.



9. But Russ was a wise little squirrel. He knew where his friends were and without more ado he fled helter-skelter back to the cottage of Duncan McTavish. Jock the sheep-dog was snoozing outside the front door as usual. As Russ landed beside him, the dog opened one eye. "Oh, it's only old Russ," he thought and watched the squirrel leap up and streak through the open window into the cottage.



10. But when the marten followed Russ down, the dog recognised it at once as a stranger and sprang to its feet, bristling and showing its gleaming fangs. Quick as the dog was, the pine marten was quicker, and with a single bound reached the low sloping roof of the cottage. In a matter of seconds it had reached the chimney stack and, much to its own surprise, found a place of safety.

The pine marten had taken shelter in Russ's own nesting box!



11. Russ was clinging to a curtain inside the cottage. Mrs. McTavish, startled by the sudden appearance of the frightened squirrel, got a stick and calling him names she poked him down, and tried to drive him back through the window. But poor Russ would go no farther than the window sill. There he crouched in a trembling heap.



12. At last Mrs. McTavish realised that something was wrong. She went outside and there was Jock, growling and snarling at the pine marten who could be seen looking out of the wooden box on the roof. "Oh, you beautiful creature! Surely it cannot be you who has frightened poor little Russ," she exclaimed. Just then her husband arrived home. "Och, now," he gasped, "if it isn't a pine marten. Where's my gun?" "Gun? You don't mean to say you're going to shoot that lovely animal, are you?" cried Mrs. McTavish. "He'll kill the squirrel if I don't," said old Duncan.

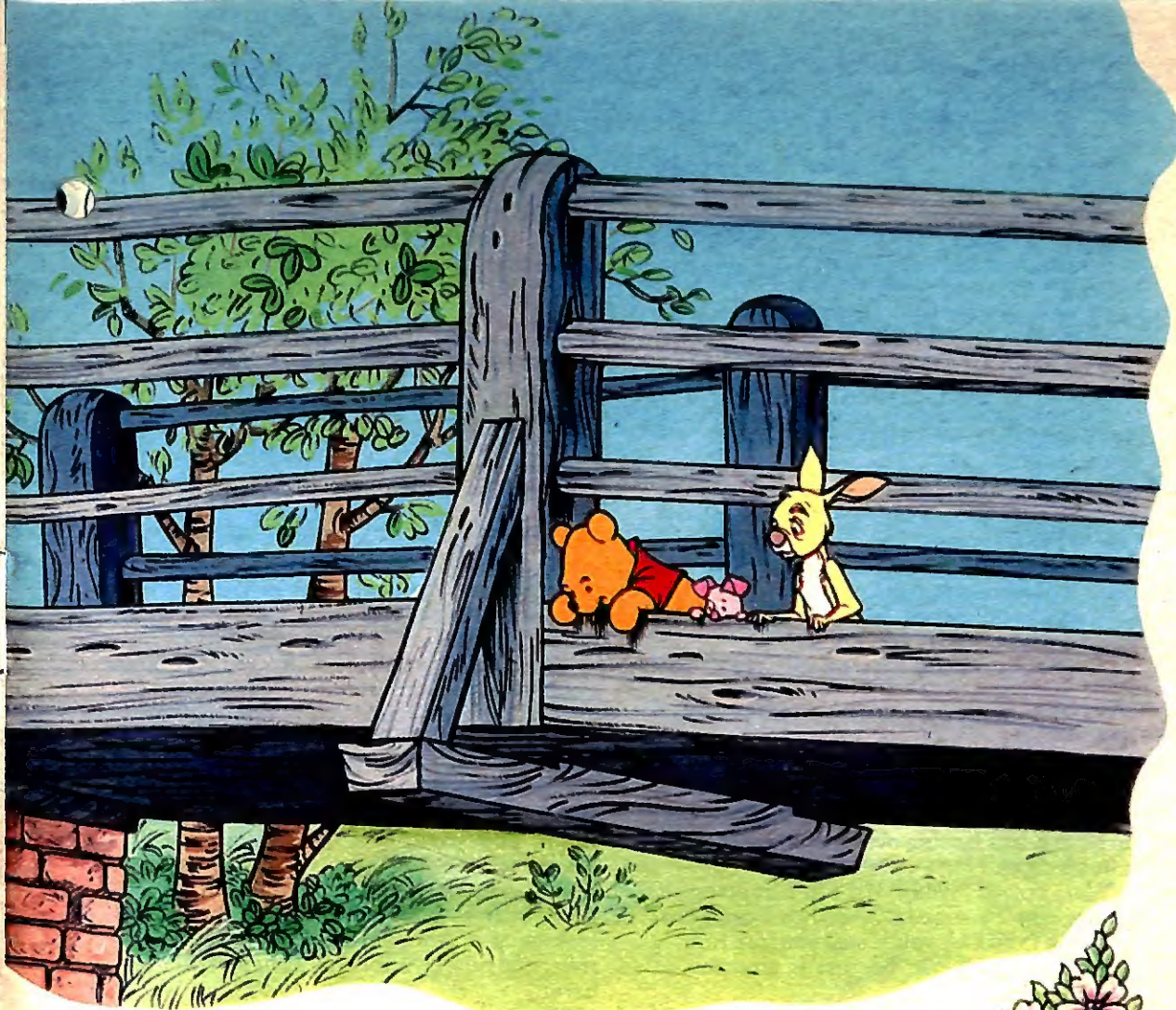


13. Duncan McTavish stood there for a few moments, watching the pine marten. Then he fingered his chin thoughtfully. "No," he said. "I won't shoot it. Martens are very rare nowadays. There used to be plenty of them around, in Scotland, but now they're almost all gone. I don't think there's one left in England and Wales." "Well then, what shall we do?" asked his wife. "We've got to think of Russ, too. I can't get him out of the house, he's so frightened." "We'll have to take care of the squirrel until the marten decides to go," replied Duncan. "Luckily, martens never stay in the same place for very long." As it turned out, he was right. The marten had gone before nightfall and they never saw him again. But just in case he came back unexpectedly, Russ stayed that night in the kitchen.



14. The next morning, the squirrel plucked up enough courage to leave the cottage once more. But he didn't go back to his home on the roof. Instead, he took to the big wood where he had lived all his life until he went to McTavish's cottage. So for a fortnight the box on the roof was empty.

Then one evening when the shepherd came back from the hills, his wife was waiting for him with a smile. "Duncan," she said, "Russ is back and he's brought his wife with him. She's been so busy, cleaning out the box and carrying in fresh straw from the barn." Then old Duncan and his wife looked at each other and smiled, and one could tell from their smiles that they were really happy to have Russ the red squirrel back again.



The House at Pooh Corner

BY A. A. MILNE

In which Pooh invents a new game
and Eeyore joins in

By the time it came to the edge of the Forest the stream had grown up, so that it was almost a river, and, being grown-up, it did not run and jump and sparkle along as it used to do when it was younger, but moved more slowly. For it knew now where it was going, and it said to itself, "There is no hurry. We shall get there some day." But all the little streams higher up in the Forest went this way and that, quickly, eagerly, having so much to find out before it was too late.

There was a broad track, almost as broad as a road, leading from the Outland to the Forest, but before it could come to the Forest, it had to cross this river. So, where it crossed, there was a wooden bridge, almost as broad as a road, with wooden rails on each side of it. Christopher Robin could just get his chin on to the top rail, if he wanted to, but it was more fun to stand on the bottom rail, so that he could lean right over, and watch the river slipping slowly away

beneath him. Pooh could get his chin on to the bottom rail if he wanted to, but it was more fun to lie down and get his head under it, and watch the river slipping slowly away beneath him. And this was the only way in which Piglet and Roo could watch the river at all, because they were too small to reach the bottom rail. So they would lie down and watch it . . . and it slipped away very slowly, being in no hurry to get there.

One day, when Pooh was walking towards this bridge, he was trying to make up a piece of poetry about fir-cones, because there they were, lying about on each side of him, and he felt singy. So he picked a fir-cone up, and looked at it, and said to himself, "This is a very good fir-cone, and something ought to rhyme to it." But he couldn't think of anything. And then this came into his head suddenly:

Here is a myst'ry
About a little fir-tree

Owl says it's *his* tree,
And Kanga says it's *her* tree.

"Which doesn't make sense," said Pooh, "because Kanga doesn't live in a tree."

He had just come to the bridge; and not looking where he was going, he tripped over something, and the fir-cone jerked out of his paw into the river.

"Bother," said Pooh, as it floated slowly under the bridge, and he went back to get another fir-cone which had a rhyme to it. But then he thought that he would just look at the river instead, because it was a peaceful sort of day, so he lay down and looked at it, and it slipped slowly away beneath him . . . and suddenly, there was his fir-cone slipping away too.

"That's funny," said Pooh. "I dropped it on the other side," said Pooh, "and it came out on this side! I wonder if it would do it again?" And he went back for some more fir-cones.

It did. It kept on doing it. Then he dropped two in at once, and leant over the bridge to see which of them would come out first; and one of them did; but as they were both the same size, he didn't know if it was the one which he wanted to win, or the other one. So the next time he dropped one big one and one little one, and the big one came out first, which was what he had said it would do, and the little one came out last, which was what he had said it would do, so he had won twice . . . and when he went home for tea, he had won thirty-six and lost twenty-eight, which meant that he was—that he had—well, you take twenty-eight from thirty-six, and *that's* what he was. Instead of the other way round.

And that was the beginning of the game called Poohsticks, which Pooh invented, and which he and his friends used to play on the edge of the Forest. But they played with sticks instead of fir-cones, because they were easier to mark.

Now one day Pooh and Piglet and Rabbit and Roo were all playing Poohsticks together. They had dropped their sticks in when Rabbit said "Go!" and then they had hurried across to the other side of the bridge, and now they were all leaning over the edge, waiting to see whose stick would come out first. But it was a long time coming, because the river was very lazy that day, and hardly seemed to mind if it didn't ever get there at all.

"I can see mine!" cried Roo. "No, I can't, it's something else. Can you see yours, Piglet? I thought I could see mine, but I couldn't. There it is! No, it isn't. Can you see yours, Pooh?"

"No," said Pooh.





"I expect my stick's stuck," said Roo. "Rabbit, my stick's stuck. Is your stick stuck, Piglet?"

"They always take longer than you think," said Rabbit.

"How long do you *think* they'll take?" asked Roo.

"I can see yours, Piglet," said Pooh suddenly.

"Mine's a sort of greyish one," said Piglet, not daring to lean too far over in case he fell in.

"Yes, that's what I can see. It's coming over on to my side."

Rabbit leant over further than ever, looking for his, and Roo wriggled up and down, calling out "Come on, stick! Stick, stick, stick!" and Piglet got very excited because his was the only one which had been seen, and that meant that he was winning.

"It's coming!" said Pooh.

"Are you *sure* it's mine?" squeaked Piglet excitedly.

"Yes, because it's grey. A big grey one. Here it comes! A very—big—grey—Oh, no, it isn't, it's Eeyore."

And out floated Eeyore.

"Eeyore!" cried everybody.

Looking very calm, very dignified, with his legs in the air, came Eeyore from beneath the bridge.

"It's Eeyore!" cried Roo, terribly excited.

"Is that so?" said Eeyore, getting caught up by a little eddy, and turning slowly round three times. "I wondered."

"I didn't know you were playing," said Roo.

"I'm not," said Eeyore.

"Eeyore, what *are* you doing there?" said Rabbit.

"I'll give you three guesses, Rabbit. Digging holes in the ground? Wrong. Leaping from branch to branch of a young oak-tree? Wrong. Waiting for somebody to help me out of the river? Right. Give Rabbit time, and he'll always get the answer."

"But, Eeyore," said Pooh in distress, "what can we—I mean, how shall we—do you think if we—"

"Yes," said Eeyore. "One of those would be just the thing. Thank you, Pooh."

"He's going *round and round*," said Roo, much impressed.

"And why not?" said Eeyore coldly.

"I can swim too," said Roo proudly.

"Not round and round," said Eeyore. "It's

much more difficult. I didn't want to come swimming at all today," he went on, revolving slowly. "But if, when in, I decide to practise a slight circular movement from right to left—or perhaps I should say," he added, as he got into another eddy, "from left to right, just as it happens to occur to me, it is nobody's business but my own."

There was a moment's silence while everybody thought.

"I've got a sort of idea," said Pooh at last, "but I don't suppose it's a very good one."

"I don't suppose it is either," said Eeyore.

"Go on, Pooh," said Rabbit. "Let's have it."

"Well, if we all threw stones and things into the river on *one* side of Eeyore, the stones would make waves, and the waves would wash him to the other side."

"That's a very good idea," said Rabbit, and Pooh looked happy again.

"Very," said Eeyore. "When I want to be washed, Pooh, I'll let you know."

"Supposing we hit him by mistake?" said Piglet anxiously.

"Or supposing you missed him by mistake," said Eeyore. "Think of all the possibilities, Piglet, before you settle down to enjoy yourselves."

But Pooh had got the biggest stone he could carry, and was leaning over the bridge, holding it in his paws.

"I'm not throwing it, I'm dropping it, Eeyore," he explained. "And then I can't miss—I mean I can't hit you. *Could* you stop turning round for a moment, because it muddles me rather?"

"No," said Eeyore. "I *like* turning round."

Rabbit began to feel that it was time he took command.

"Now, Pooh," he said, "when I say 'Now!' you can drop it. Eeyore, when I say 'Now!' Pooh will drop his stone."

"Thank you very much, Rabbit, but I expect I shall know."

"Are you ready, Pooh? Piglet, give Pooh a little more room. Get back a bit there, Roo. Are you ready?"

"No," said Eeyore.

"*Now!*" said Rabbit.

Pooh dropped his stone. There was a loud splash, and Eeyore disappeared. . . .

It was an anxious moment for the watchers on the bridge. They looked and looked . . . and even the sight of Piglet's stick coming out a little in front of Rabbit's didn't cheer them up as much as you would have expected. And then, just as Pooh was beginning to think that he must have chosen the wrong stone or the wrong

river or the wrong day for his Idea, something grey showed for a moment by the river bank . . . and it got slowly bigger and bigger . . . and at last it was Eeyore coming out.

With a shout they rushed off the bridge, and pushed and pulled at him; and soon he was standing among them again on dry land.

"Oh, Eeyore, you *are* wet!" said Piglet, feeling him.

Eeyore shook himself, and asked somebody to explain to Piglet what happened when you had been inside a river for quite a long time.

"Well done, Pooh," said Rabbit kindly.

"That was a good idea of yours."

"What was?" asked Eeyore.

"Hooshing you to the bank like that."

"*Hooshing* me?" said Eeyore in surprise.

"*Hooshing* me? You didn't think I was *hooshed*, did you? I dived. Pooh dropped a large stone on me, and so as not to be struck heavily on the chest, I dived and swam to the bank."

"You didn't really," whispered Piglet to Pooh, so as to comfort him.

"I didn't *think* I did," said Pooh anxiously.

"It's just Eeyore," said Piglet. "I thought your Idea was a very good Idea."

Pooh began to feel a little more comfortable, because when you are a Bear of Very Little Brain, and you Think of Things, you find sometimes that a Thing which seemed very Thingish inside you is quite different when it gets out into the open and has other people looking at it. And, anyhow, Eeyore *was* in the river, and now he *wasn't*, so he hadn't done any harm.

"How did you fall in, Eeyore?" asked Rabbit, as he dried him with Piglet's handkerchief.

"I didn't," said Eeyore.

"But how—"

"I was **BOUNCED**," said Eeyore.

"Oo," said Roo excitedly, "did somebody push you?"

"Somebody **BOUNCED** me. I was just thinking by the side of the river—thinking, if any of you know what that means—when I received a loud **BOUNCE**."

"Oh, Eeyore!" said everybody.

"Are you sure you didn't slip?" asked Rabbit wisely.

"Of course I slipped. If you're standing on the slippery bank of a river, and somebody **BOUNCES** you loudly from behind, you slip. What did you think I did?"

"But who did it?" asked Roo.

Eeyore didn't answer.

"I expect it was Tigger," said Piglet,





nervously.

"But, Eeyore," said Pooh, "was it a Joke, or an Accident? I mean—"

"I didn't stop to ask, Pooh. Even at the very bottom of the river I didn't stop to say to myself, 'Is this a Hearty Joke, or is it the Merest Accident?' I just floated to the surface, and said to myself, 'It's wet.' If you know what I mean."

"And where was Tigger?" asked Rabbit.

Before Eeyore could answer, through the hedge came Tigger himself.

"Hallo, everybody," said Tigger cheerfully.

Rabbit became very important suddenly.

"Tigger," he said solemnly, "what happened just now?"

"Just when?" said Tigger uncomfortably.

"When you bounced Eeyore into the river."

"I didn't bounce him."

"You bounced me," said Eeyore gruffly.

"I didn't really. I had a cough, and I happened to be behind Eeyore, and I said 'Grrr—opppp—ptschschschz'."

"Why?" said Rabbit, helping Piglet up, and dusting him. "It's all right, Piglet."

"It took me by surprise," said Piglet nervously.

"That's what I call bouncing," said Eeyore. "Taking people by surprise. Very unpleasant habit. I don't mind Tigger being in the Forest," he went on, "because it's a large Forest, and there's plenty of room to bounce in it. But I don't see why he should come into my little corner of it, and bounce there. It isn't as if there was anything very wonderful about my little corner. Of course for people who like cold, wet, ugly bits it is something rather special, but otherwise it's just a corner, and if anybody feels bouncy—"

"I didn't bounce, I coughed," said Tigger crossly.

"Bouncy or coffy, it's all the same at the bottom of the river."

"Well," said Rabbit, "all I can say is—well, here's Christopher Robin, so he can say it."

Christopher Robin came down from the Forest to the bridge, feeling all sunny and careless, and he thought that if he stood on the bottom rail of the bridge, and leant over, and watched the river slipping slowly away beneath him, then he would suddenly know everything that there was to be known, and he would be able to tell Pooh, who wasn't quite sure about some of it. But when he got to the bridge and saw all the animals there, then he knew that it wasn't that kind of afternoon, but the other kind, when you wanted to do something.

"It's like this, Christopher Robin," began

Rabbit. "Tigger—"

"No, I didn't," said Tigger.

"Well, anyhow, there I was," said Eeyore.

"But I don't think he meant to," said Pooh.

"He just is bouncy," said Piglet, "and he can't help it."

"Try bouncing me, Tigger," said Roo eagerly. "Eeyore, Tigger's going to try me. Piglet, do you think—"

"Yes, yes," said Rabbit, "we don't all want to speak at once. The point is, what does

Christopher Robin think about it?"

"All I did was I coughed," said Tigger.

"He bounced," said Eeyore.

"Well, I sort of boffed," said Tigger.

"Hush!" said Rabbit, holding up his paw.

"What does Christopher Robin think about it all? That's the point."

"Well," said Christopher Robin, not quite sure what it was all about. "I think—"

"Yes?" said everybody.

"I think we all ought to play Poohsticks."

So they did. And Eeyore, who had never played it before, won more times than anybody else; and Roo fell in twice, the first time by accident and the second time on purpose, because he suddenly saw Kanga coming from the Forest, and he knew he'd have to go to bed anyhow. So then Rabbit said he'd go with them; and Tigger and Eeyore went off together, because Eeyore wanted to tell Tigger How to Win at Poohsticks, which you do by letting your stick drop in a twitchy sort of way, if you understand what I mean, Tigger; and Christopher Robin and Pooh and Piglet were left on the bridge by themselves.

For a long time they looked at the river beneath them, saying nothing, and the river said nothing too, for it felt very quiet and peaceful on this summer afternoon.

"Tigger is all right, really," said Piglet lazily.

"Of course he is," said Christopher Robin.

"Everybody is really," said Pooh. "That's what I think," said Pooh. "But I don't suppose I'm right," he said.

"Of course you are," said Christopher Robin.



And now it is time for riddles in rhyme!



1. It was a funny sort of day
When Alice slowly made her way
Towards a place called "Tulgey Wood"
Which looked as dark as ginger pud.



2. In there she stopped as "Hey there, you!"
Sang out a caterpillar blue.
"Why is a book just like a tree?
Now, come on, Alice, answer me!"



3. "Because," said Alice in reply,
"They both have leaves, that's why!"
The caterpillar heaved a sigh,
And turned into a butterfly.



4. Then through the air flew five strange birds
And as they flew they sang these words:
"So what go up when rain-drops fall?"
Said Alice "I don't know at all!"



5. "Umbrellas!" came their quick reply
As birdies five flew high in sky,
And then there came upon the scene
A rabbit white with big fat Queen.



6. "What always walks upon its head?"
The Queen asked Alice who then said:
"A nail that's in a shoe, I think!"
"How clever!" smiled a flower pink.



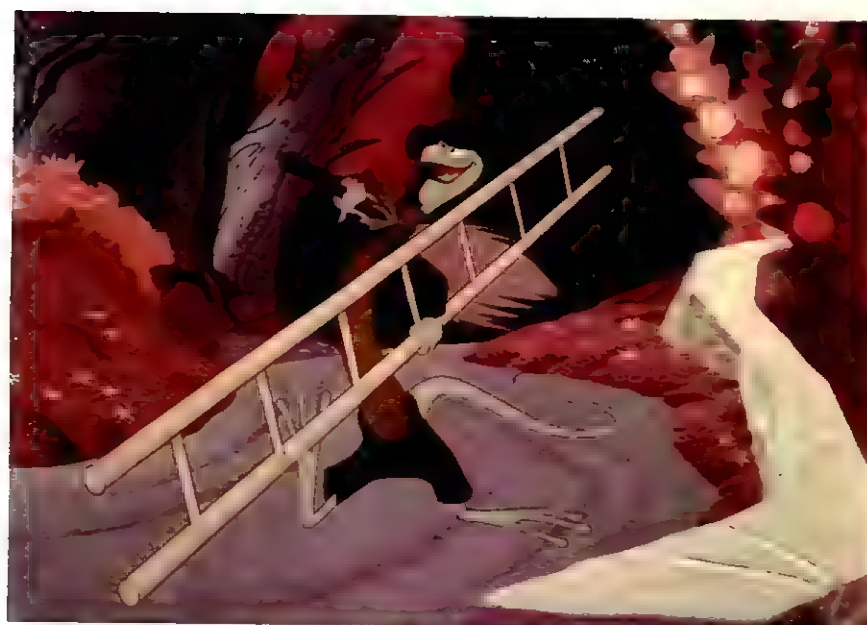
7. "You nosy rose!" exclaimed the Queen,
So angry that her face turned green.
She marched away, so cross was she!
The flower then smiled at daisies three.



8. "Please try and tell me, daisies three,"
Said she, "what is the saddest tree?"
They all replied "A weeping willow!"
Then Alice saw a pink flamingo.



9. Laughed he to Alice "Please, girl speak
And tell me what bird has no beak?"
"A lady bird," she answered him,
Then walked along a passage dim.



10. She came at last into the light
And then she heard a chuckle bright.
It was a lizard who, in jest,
Said "Tell me, now, what ships are best?"



11. "Why, *friend*-ships are the best, of course,"
The lizard croaked (a little hoarse!)
Then Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee
Together jumped a fallen tree.



12. "What flies but has no wings?" asked they.
"Why, time," smiled she, "and now good-day,
For here I can no longer stay!"
And home she quickly made her way.

The Magic Apples



1. Prince Roland, youngest son of the old King who was very ill, had arrived safely at the enchanted castle in the middle of the lake of black water. Here he hoped to find the magic golden apples which were the only cure for the King's illness. A wise old man had warned the Prince of terrible dangers in the castle, but Roland had already passed the guards, fast asleep as the old man had promised.

2. Coming to a doorway, Prince Roland felt his heart turn to ice at the sight of huge lions and tigers stretched out on the floor. He reckoned it was about half-past twelve, and under the spell of the enchanted sleep the guardians of the castle were not due to wake up until one o'clock. Even so, the young Prince did not dare to make even the slightest noise as he tip-toed past the lions and tigers.



3. Then he came to a third door and the pathway through the room was guarded by huge poisonous snakes. But they lay about in great coils, taking not the slightest notice of Roland. "They, too, are sound asleep," he thought, but nonetheless he had to take a deep breath to make himself creep past them.



4. Next was a grand staircase. Roland went up and entered a splendid bedroom. On a golden bed lay a Princess, fast asleep. She was so beautiful that Prince Roland stood there and stared at her, spellbound and unable to move. All the time the precious minutes ticked away towards one o'clock.



5. For several minutes the young Prince could do nothing but stand and stare at the sleeping girl. "A princess as beautiful as she must also be good," he thought to himself. "Why then, I wonder, is she lying in this castle, such an evil place with many terrible dangers?" Suddenly Prince Roland remembered the time.

6. It was ten minutes to one—and soon everyone and everything in the castle would wake up. Quickly he glanced round the room and noticed the Princess's watch lying on a nearby table. He picked it up and put it in his pocket, leaving his own watch in its place. Then he bent over the sleeping Princess taking care not to wake her and kissed her gently.



7. "Now I must hurry and not delay here any longer," thought Roland to himself. He left the bedroom and ran down a staircase which led into the kitchen. The cook lay on the floor fast asleep, holding a knife and fork as if she had been about to eat a meat pie at the very moment when she fell asleep.



8. Remembering that the wise old man had told him that beyond the kitchen was a garden, Prince Roland tiptoed quickly through the kitchen door. Once in the garden he could hardly believe his eyes. There stood the magic tree, laden with golden apples. Swiftly, Roland filled his bag with apples.



9. By now it was very close to one o'clock, when the spell of sleep would be lifted from all those inside the castle. Roland ran back through the kitchen. The cook stirred, lifted her arms and stretched herself, but did not fully open her eyes. Even the kitchen dog moved and licked its lips as though eager for food.



10. "How many seconds have I left?" wondered Prince Roland, and his heart was beating faster as the moments ticked away. Into the hall of the lions and tigers he hurried and was startled to see one of the great beasts raise its head and open its mouth in a mighty yawn, which revealed its teeth. But it did not fully awaken.



11. Prince Roland breathed a sigh of relief as he sped safely past the wild cats and he steeled himself for the test that was to come. He knew now that he had to take the risk of passing through the entrance hall, where there were the giant armed guards. Their snores were already turning into waking sighs.

12. They yawned and stretched and made grunting noises. But as yet it was still not exactly one o'clock, so the bearded giants did not open their eyes. Prince Roland hurried past them to the shores of the lake. "Swans, swans, come quickly," he whispered as loudly as he dared. "Now you must carry me back over the lake."

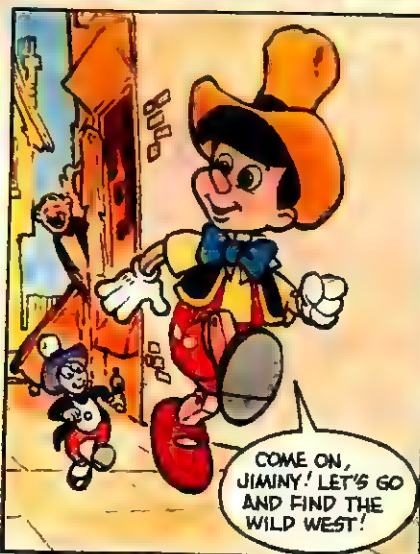
This exciting story will be continued next week.



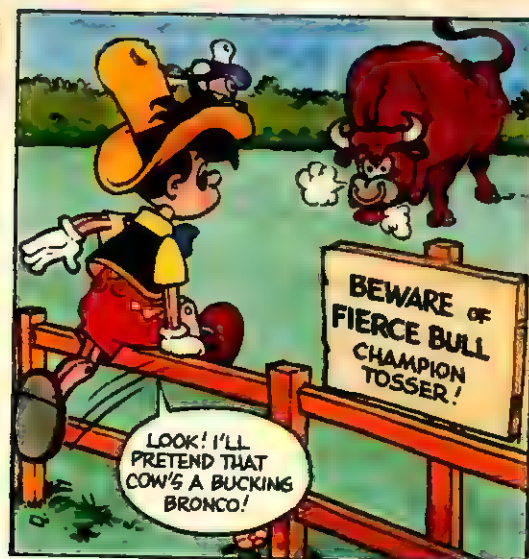
THE PLAYFUL PRANKS OF PINOCCHIO



1. "Just look," said Pino, "at that shop!
Into there I think I'll pop
And buy myself that cowboy hat!"
Said Jiminy Cricket "Fancy that!"



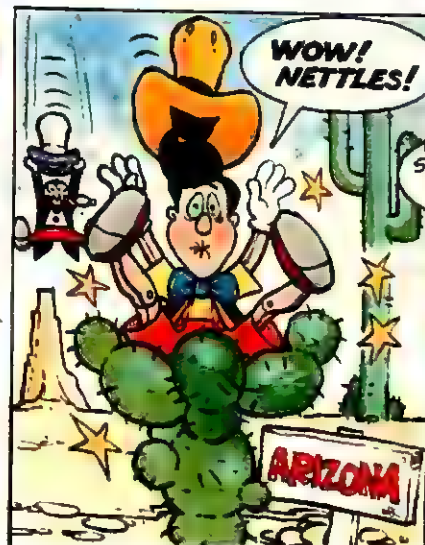
2. Pinocchio then into the shop
Did very swiftly skip and hop.
"I want that cowboy hat," said he,
"And one for tiny Jiminy!"



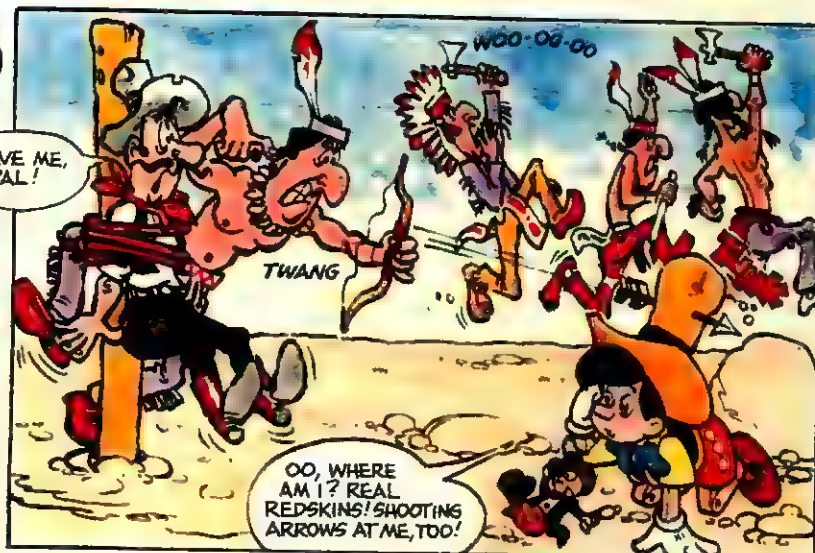
3. "I'm Dead-shot Pino," then he cried.
"I'll ride that cow!" But what he spied
Was not a cow—but angry bull!
He should have known, the little fool.



4. Over the fence, the lad did climb,
But only stayed a little time.
The bull tossed him up to the sky
He had no time to say goodbye.



5. He flew just like an aeroplane
And when he came to earth again
He landed with his bright red pants
Upon some prickly cactus plants.



6. 'Twas Redskin Land he'd landed in
And heard a really fearful din
Of Indians shouting loud with glee
'Cos they'd tied Sheriff to a tree.



7. Said Pino "Now it's up to me!
I'll have to set the Sheriff free!"
He chuckled as he saw a snake:
"I'll have him free in half a shake!"

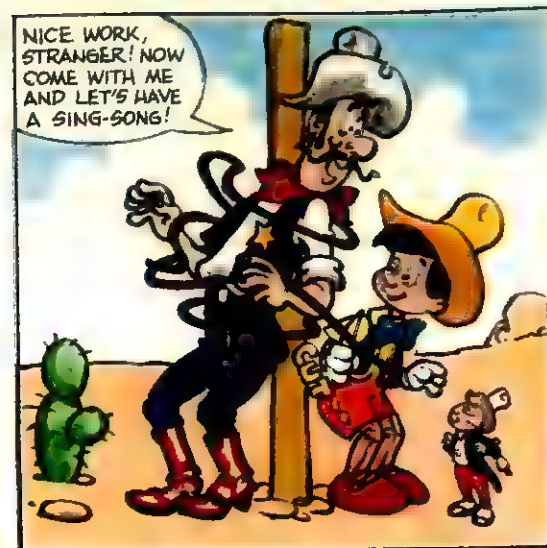


8. He tied the snake between two trees,
And now you see Pinocchio's wheeze.
It made the snake feel rather sick
To feel stretched out like e-last-ic!

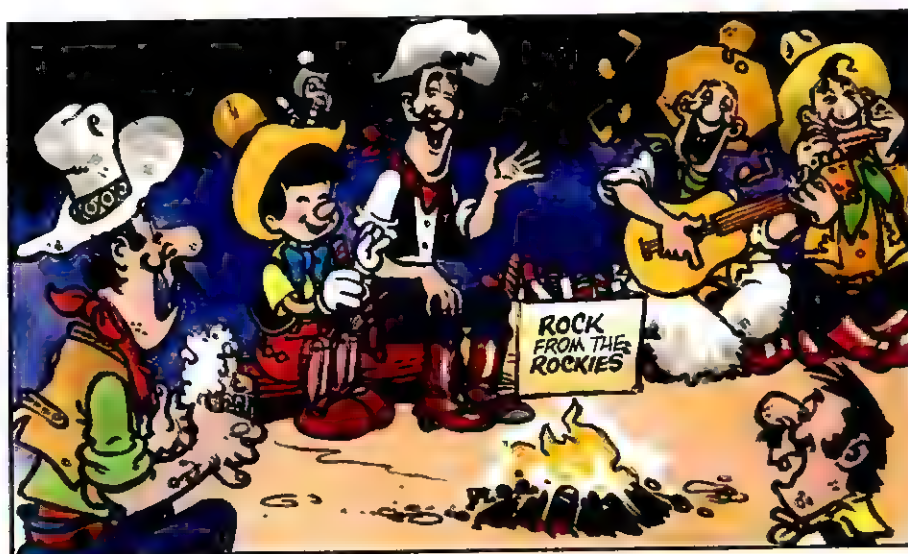
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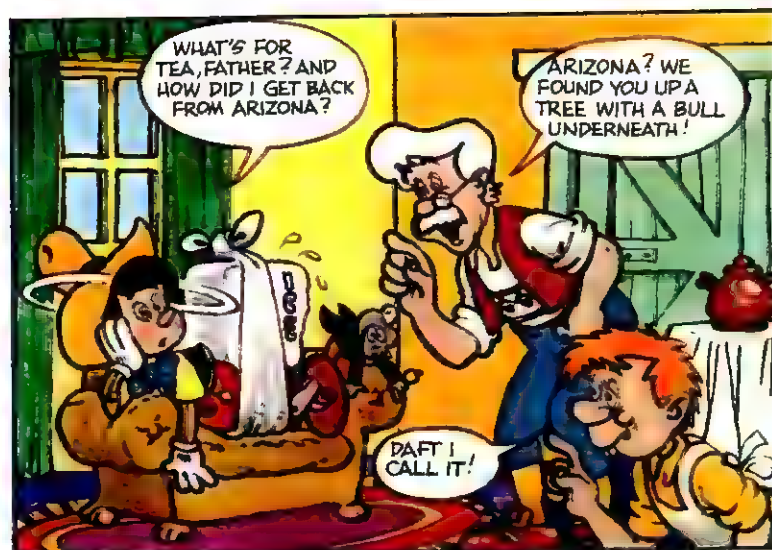
9. And so the young Pinocchio
Shot cactus at each Redskin foe,
It made Chief Pie-face leap and shudder
To feel a cactus in his rudder!



10. Cried Pino "Now to show them that
They can't shoot arrows through my hat!"
But Redskins did not wait to see,
So Pino cut the Sheriff free.



11. The Sheriff then was mighty glad
And said "You are a gallant lad.
Now you must cummerlonger me
And with my pals we'll have a spree!"



12. Laughed Pino "This is very nice!"
And then awoke 'neath block of ice!
Geppetto grinned and said "It seems
You've been in Sleepyland of Dreams!"

MEET US NEXT WEEK IN

Toby

**the new weekly
for little girls and boys 8p**

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you can join in the fun
with Toby and the Goose
that laid the golden eggs—
Patty and her Magic
Puppy, Goody Fox, and
Pixie Bumpkin down on
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on sale Friday 30 January.

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The Stonecutter ~

1. Once upon a time, there lived a stonecutter and every day he went to a great rock in the side of a big mountain and hacked out large slabs of stone for statues and for building.

He knew exactly the kinds of stone needed for different purposes and because he was a good, steady workman, he had plenty of customers. They came from hundreds of miles away and from many lands.

Yet the stonecutter was discontented. He wanted a richer, different life. But he did nothing about it except think of other people who lived better than himself.



2. Now, in the mountains where the stonecutter worked, there dwelt a kindly wizard who would sometimes appear and grant a man his dearest wish. Although he had heard of this wizard, the stonecutter had never seen him and didn't really believe in him so he angrily shook his head every time he was asked about the wizard. But the wizard

knew of the stonecutter and the stonecutter was in for a big surprise.

One day he cut a huge piece of marble and delivered it to the splendid home of a famous sculptor. There he saw all sorts of beautiful things he had never seen in his life before.

3. The stonecutter returned to the mountain and sat by his little fire that evening, cooking his supper. While he cooked he thought of all the riches he had seen and heaved a great sigh: "Oh, if only I were a rich man and had a wonderful home—to eat off silver plates and sleep in a bed with silken curtains and golden tassels! Oh how happy I would be!"

Then he heard a voice: "Your wish is heard," it said. "And a rich man shall you be."

In the blue smoke rising from his fire, the stonecutter thought he saw a kindly smiling face of a man. He rubbed his eyes and looked into the smoke again, but the face had disappeared. The stonecutter knew he was tired after his long journey that day and thought he must be imagining things. So he went to bed early and very soon he fell into a deep dreamless sleep.



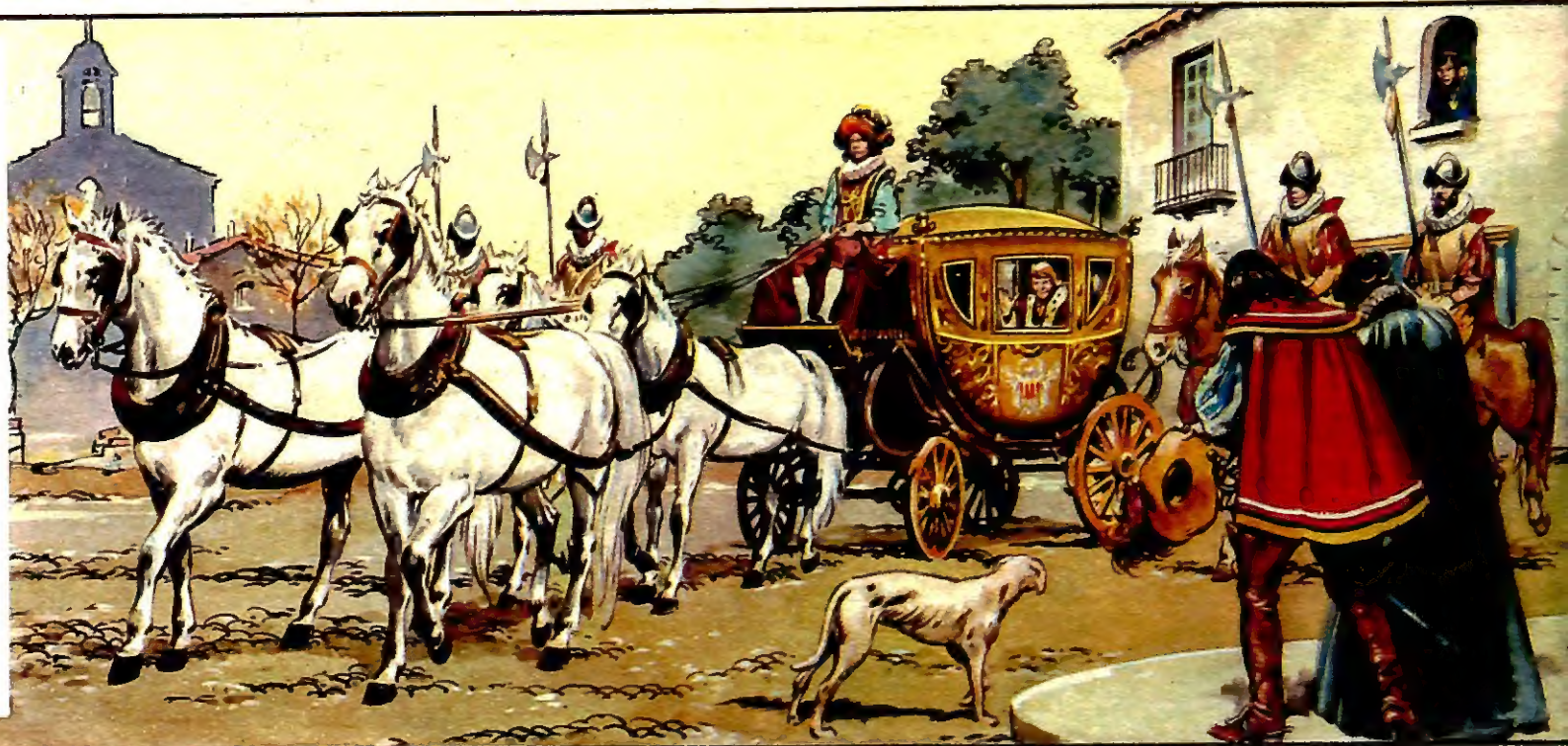


4. When he woke next morning he was completely bewildered. He was astonished to find himself in a huge four-poster bed decorated with heavy silken curtaining. He stared around and saw that he was in a bedroom, richly furnished beyond his wildest dreams. A servant was preparing a hot bath and at the bottom of the bed another two servants were standing. One was waiting to serve him with breakfast. The other was holding new clothes.

5. The stonecutter was filled with joy. "Rich! I'm rich!" he laughed. "There really is a wizard of the mountain and he has granted me my dearest wish!"

In his new life, the old life was soon forgotten. It was the beginning of summer and each day the sun grew hotter and hotter. One morning, the heat was so great that the stonecutter decided to stay at home and rest in the shade all day.

He was gazing through the library window when a handsome coach, drawn by four white horses passed by. A prince sat in the cool coach untroubled by the hot sun. "Oh, if only I were a prince!" said the stonecutter. "And could travel in such a coach, how happy I should be!" And his eyes shone with envy.



6. Then the voice of the wizard of the mountain said: "Your wish is heard. A prince shall you be!" And a prince the stonecutter became, wearing a crown, owning a golden coach drawn by four noble white horses and with soldiers to guard him.

Still the stonecutter was not happy. And when he saw that the rivers of his country were drying up in the heat of the sun and that all the crops of his farmlands were withering and dying, he cried in his anger. "The sun is mightier than I. Oh, if only I were the sun!"



7. And the wizard of the mountain answered "Your wish is heard. The sun shall you be!" And the sun he was and proud in his power. He blazed down on the earth. He burnt up the crops in the fields more than they were burnt before and he finally dried up the rivers. Soon he began to grow tired of his might. He felt unhappy and when a cloud covered his face and hid the earth from him, he shouted aloud in his anger: "The cloud cools my heat? It is mightier than anything! Oh, if only I were a cloud."



8. And the wizard of the mountain answered "Your wish is heard, a cloud shall you be!" And the stonecutter was a cloud, drifting between the sun and the earth. He shielded the earth from the burning heat of the sun and he showered refreshing rain on to the land. To his joy, the earth grew green again, the river-beds filled with rushing sparkling water and the crops grew in plenty. But that was not enough for the stonecutter and for months he poured forth rain on the land until eventually the rivers overflowed their banks and the crops were standing in water.

9. Cities and villages were destroyed by the power of the rain and only the great rock of the mountain remained unmoved and defiant.

The stonecutter was astonished when he saw this and he cried aloud in wonder: "Is the rock, then, mightier than I? Oh, if only I were the rock."

And the wizard of the mountain answered "Your wish is heard. The rock shall you be!"

And the rock he was. And he gloried in his greatness and strength.

There he stood in all his pride and neither the burning heat of the sun, nor the terrible force of the lightning and thunderstorms could move him. He was a stronghold.

"This is better than all other things!" he said to himself.



10. But one day he heard a very strange noise at his feet and there was a stonecutter, hacking away at him. Even while he watched in helpless anger, a great block of stone fell to the ground with a crash. Then he shouted aloud in his wrath: "Is a mere stonecutter mightier than a mountain of rock? Oh, if only I were a stonecutter again!" And the wizard of the mountain answered. "Your wish is heard. A stonecutter once more shall you be!" and a stonecutter again he was and toiled and worked as he had in the old days.



11. The stonecutter's home was a very poor broken-down shack. His bed was hard and he only ate one small meal a day, but at last he had learned to be satisfied with what he had and never again did he yearn to be something or somebody else.

And as he never asked for things he had no need or wish to be greater and mightier than other people. He was happy and contented and heard the voice of the wizard of the mountain never again.

The Walrus helps a man with his car—get ready to laugh "Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER

THE MAN SEEMS TO BE IN TROUBLE WITH HIS NICE NEW CAR. I'LL GO AND LOOK.

SEE YOU IN THE LAST PICTURE THEN.

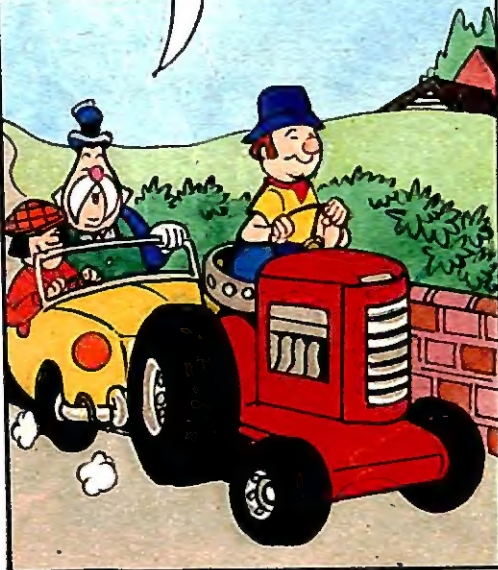


I'VE JUST BOUGHT THIS NEW CAR BUT I FORGOT TO GET ENOUGH PETROL TO GET ME HOME.

I'LL THINK OF SOMETHING.

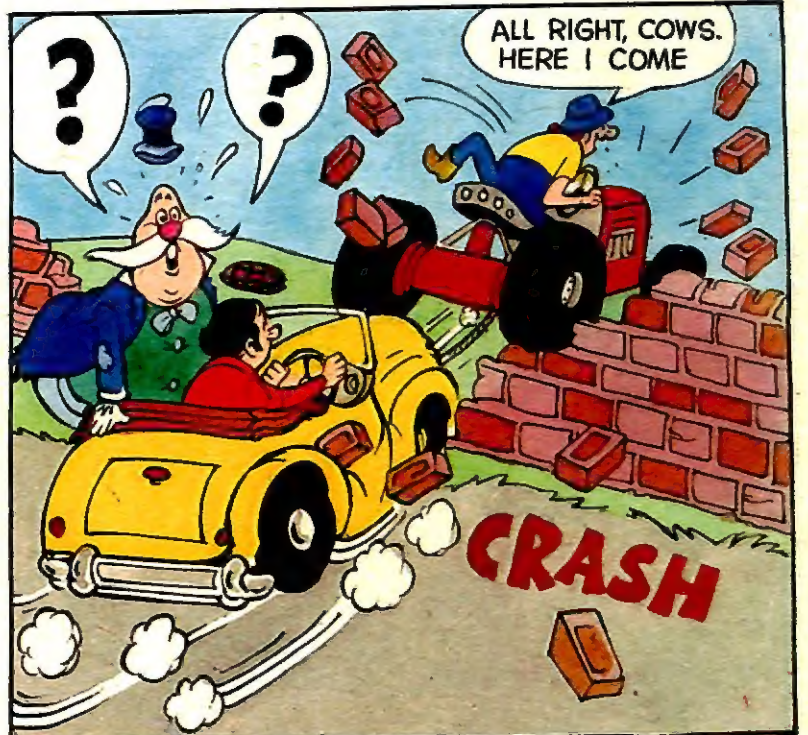


HE'LL TOW US TO THE NEXT VILLAGE, DON'T WORRY.



URR! OI FORGOT! IT BE MILKING TOIME! OI'LL TAKE A SHORT CUT ACROSS THE FIELDS!

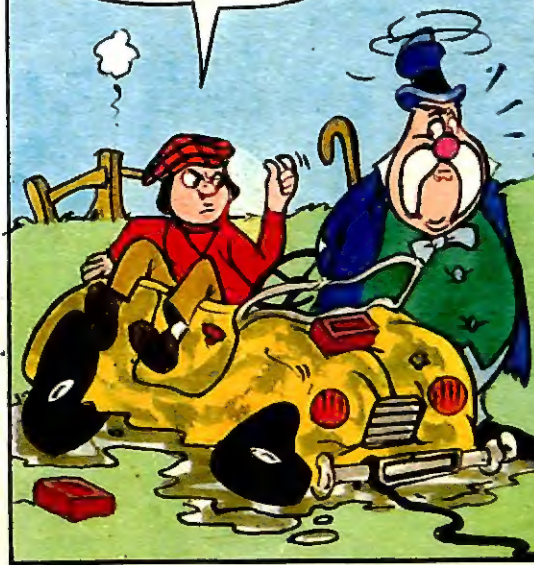
MOO-OO MOO!



ALL RIGHT, COWS. HERE I COME



COULD I HAVE A WORD WITH YOU, MR WALRUS...



IT'S ABOUT MY ONCE BEAUTIFUL SHINY NEW CAR, MR WALRUS!



NEVER MIND, WALRUS, YO! MEANT WELL! HAVE A DISH OF FISH!